

True, he had promised deathless fidelity:
 Si que tousjours, en peau jeune, et rid&,
 Voirc au tombeau, je veux aimer Fidfe
 De ces yeux bruns, deux soleils de mon cœur.
 Yet his *nymphette* had remained, though
 fond, yet firm—
 'opiniastre a garder trop sa foi'. In vain
 he wrote her
 poems that were to be immortal, even if his
 love was not;
 such as 'Mignonne, allons voir si la rose/ He
 grew bold:
 she grew timid, and fled. The day came that
 fulfilled in
 final severance the words he had written
 for an earlier

and temporary parting in anger:

Ciel, aer, et vents, plains et monts decouvers,
 Tertres, vineux, et forests verdoyantes,
 Rivages tors, et sources ondoyantes,
 Taillis rasez, et vous bocages vers:
 Antres moussus a demy-front ouvers,
 Prez, boutons, fleurs, et herbes rousoyantes,
 Coutaus vineux, et plages blondoyantes,
 Et vous, rochers, escholliers de mes vers:
 Puisqu'au partir, ronge de soin et d'ire,
 A ce bel oeil Adieu je n'ay sceu dire,
 Qui pres et loin me detient en esmoy,
 Je vous supply, Ciel, aer, vents, monts, et
 plaines,
 Taillis, forests, rivages et fontaines,
 Antres, prez, fleurs, dites le luy pour moy.
 Sky, air, and winds, hoar peaks, plains at their
 feet,
 And verdant woods, and slopes die green vine
 fills,
 Far-winding rivers and bright-rippling rills,
 Shorn copses, emerald forests, you I greet;
 And you, O caves, whose mossy mouths nigh
 meet,
 Meadows, buds, blossoms, grass where the
 bright dew spills,
 And yellow sands and vineyard-hidden hills,
 And rocks long taught my verses to repeat;
 Since, as in rage and grief I came away,
 Farewell to those bright eyes I could not say,
 That, near and far, vex my tranquillity,
 I beg you, O sky and air and winds and
 mountains,
 Plains, copses, forests, caves and streams and
 fountains.
 Meadows and flowers, bid her 'Farewell* for
 me.